

That I haue done for you.

Fio. I know of none,
Nor know I you by voyce, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Then lying, vaineſſe, babling drunkenneſſe,
Or any taint of vice, whoſe ſtrong corruption
Inhabites our fraile blood.

Ant. Oh heavens themſelues,

2. Off. Come ſir, I pray you go.

Ant. Let me ſpeake a little. This youth that you ſee
I ſatch'd one halfe out of the iawes of death;
Releas'd him with ſuch ſanctitie of loue;
And to his image, which me thought did promiſe
Moſt venerable worth, did I deuotion.

1. Off. What's that to vs, the time goes by: Away.

Ant. But oh, how wilde an idoll proues this God:

Thou haſt *Sebastian* done good feature, ſhame,

In Nature, there's no blemiſh but the minde.

None can be call'd deform'd, but the vnkinde.

Vertue is beauty, but the beauteous euill

Are empty trunks, ore-flouriſh'd by the deuill.

1. Off. The man growes mad, away with him:

Come, come ſir.

Ant. Leade me on.

Fio. Me thinks his words do from ſuch paſſion flye
That he beleeues himſelfe, ſo do not I:

Proue true imagination, oh proue true,
That I deere brother, be now ſane for you.

To. Come hither Knight, come hither *Fabian*: Weel
whiſper, ore a couplet or two of moſt ſage ſawes.

Fio. He ſaid *Sebastian*: My brother know
Yet liuing in my glaſſe: euen ſuch, and ſo

In fauour was my Brother, and he went
Still in this faſhion, colour, ornament,

For him I imitate: Oh if it proue,
Tempeſts are kinde, and ſalt waues freſh in loue.

To. A very diſhoneſt paltry boy, and more a coward
then a Hare, his diſhoneſty appeares, in leauiſg his friend

heere in neceſſity, and denying him: and for his coward-
ſhip aſke *Fabian*.

Fab. A Coward, a moſt deuout Coward, religious in
it.

And. Shd I ſe after him againe, and beate him.

To. Do, cuffe him ſoundly, but neuer draw thy ſword

And. And I do not.

Fab. Come, let's ſee the euent.

To. I dare lay any money, twill be nothing yet. *Exit*

Actus Quartus, Scena prima.

Enter Sebastian and Clowne.

Clo. Will you make me beleeue, that I am not ſent for
you?

Seb. Go too, go too, thou art a fooliſh fellow,
Let me be cleere of thee.

Clo. Well held out faith: No, I do not know you,
nor I am not ſent to you by my Lady, to bid you come

ſpeake with her: nor your name is not Maſter *Cefario*,
nor this is not my noſe neither: Nothing that is ſo, is ſo.

Seb. I prethee vent thy folly ſome where elſe, thou
know'ſt not me.

Clo. Vent my folly? He has heard that word of ſome
great man, and now applies it to a foole. Vent my fol-

ly: I am affraid this great lubber the World will proue a
Cockney: I prethee now vngird thy ſtranges, and tell
me what I ſhall vent to my Lady? Shall I vent to hir that
thou art comming?

Seb. I prethee fooliſh greeke depart from me, there's
money for thee, if you tarry longer, I ſhall giue worſe
payment.

Clo. By my troth thou haſt an open hand: theſe Wiſe-
men that giue fooles money, get themſelues a good re-
port, after fouretecn years purchaſe.

Enter Andrew, Toby, and Fabian.

And. Now ſir, haue I met you again; there's for you.
Seb. Why there's for thee, and there, and there,

Are all the people mad?

To. Hold ſir, or I'll throw your dagger ore the houſe

Clo. This will I tell my Lady ſtraight, I would not be
in ſome of your coats for two pence.

To. Come on ſir, hold.

An. Nay let him alone, I'll go another way to worke
with him: I'll haue an action of Battery againſt him, if
there be any law in Illyria: though I ſtroke him firſt, yet

it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

To. Come ſir, I will not let you go. Come my young
fouldier put vp your yron: you are well ſhe'd: Come
on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldſt thou?
If thou darſt tempt me further, draw thy ſword.

To. What, what? Nay then I muſt haue an Ounce or
two of this malapert blood from you.

Enter Olivia.

Ol. Hold *Toby*, on thy life I charge thee hold.

To. Madam.

Ol. Will it be euer thus? Vngracious wretch,
Fit for the Mountaines, and the barbarous Caues,

Where manners nere were preach'd: out of my ſight,
Benot offended, deere *Cefario*:

Rudeſbey be gone. I prethee gentle friend,

Let thy fayre wiſedome, not thy paſſion ſway

In this vnciuill, and vniuſt extent

Againſt thy peace. Go with me to my houſe,

And heare thou there how many fruitleſſe pranks

This Ruſſian hath botch'd vp, that thou thereby

Mayſt ſmile at this: Thou ſhalt not chooſe but goe:

Do not denie, beſhrew his ſoule for mee.

He ſtarted one poore heart of mine, in thee.

Seb. What reliſh is in this? How runs the ſtreame?

Or I am mad, or elſe this is a dreame:

Let fancie ſtill my ſenſe in Lethe ſleepe,

If it be thus to dreame, ſtill let me ſleepe.

Ol. Nay come I prethee, would thou'dſt be ſeruld by me

Seb. Madam, I will.

Ol. O ſay ſo, and ſo be. *Exit*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Martin and Clowne.

Mar. Nay, I prethee put on this gowne, & this beard,
make him beleeue thou art ſir *Topas* the Curate, doeſt
quickly. He call ſir *Toby* the whilſt.

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will diſſemble my ſelfe
in't, and I would I were the firſt that euer diſſembled in
ſuch

in ſuch a gowne. I am not tall enough to become the
function well, nor leane enough to bee thought a good
Student: but to be ſaid an honeſt man and a good houſe-
keeper goes as fairely, as to ſay, a carefull man, & a great
ſcholler. The Competitors enter.

Enter Toby.

To. Ioue bleſſe thee M. Parſon.

Clo. *Bonus dies* ſir *Toby*: for as the old hermit of *Prage*
that neuer ſaw pen and inke, very wittily ſayd to a Neece
of King *Gorbodacke*, that that is, is: ſo I being M. Parſon,

am M. Parſon; for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

To. To him ſir *Topas*.

Clo. What ho, I ſay, Peace in this priſon.

To. The knaue counterfeits well: a good knaue.

Maluolio within.

Mal. Who calls there?

Clo. *Sir Topas* the Curate, who comes to viſit *Malu-*

olio the Lunaticke.

Mal. *Sir Topas*, ſir *Topas*, good ſir *Topas* goe to my

Ladie.

Clo. Our hyperbolically ſhew, how vexed thou this

man? Talk'ſt thou nothing but of Ladies?

Tob. Well ſaid M. Parſon.

Mal. *Sir Topas*, neuer was man thus wronged, good

ſir Topas do not thinke I am mad: they haue layde mee

heere in hideous darkneſſe.

Clo. Fye, thou diſhoneſt ſathan: I call thee by the

moſt modeſt termes, for I am one of thoſe gentle ones,

that will vſe the diuill himſelfe with curteſie: ſayſt thou

that houſe is darke?

Mal. As hell ſir *Topas*.

Clo. Why it hath bay Windowes tranſparent as bari-

cadoces, and the cleere ſtores toward the South north, are

as luſtrous as Ebony: and yet complain'ſt thou of ob-

ſtruction?

Mal. I am not mad ſir *Topas*, I ſay to you this houſe is

darke.

Clo. Madman thou erreſt: I ſay there is no darkneſſe

but ignorance, in which thou art more puzz'd then the

Egyptians in their fogge.

Mal. I ſay this houſe is as darke as Ignorance, though

Ignorance were as darke as hell; and I ſay there was ne-

uer man thus abus'd, I am no more madde then you are,

make the trial of ſtuff in any conſtant queſtion.

Clo. What is the opinion of *Pythagoras* concerning

Wilde-fowle?

Mal. That the ſoule of our grandam, might happily

inhabite a bird.

Clo. What thinkſt thou of his opinion?

Mal. I thinke nobly of the ſoule, and no way aproue

his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: remaine thou ſtill in darkneſſe,

thou ſhalt hold th' opinion of *Pythagoras*; ere I will allow

of thy wits, and ſeaſe to kill a Woodcocke, leſt thou diſ-

poſſeſſe the ſoule of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. *Sir Topas*, ſir *Topas*.

Tob. My moſt exquisite ſir *Topas*.

Clo. Nay I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou might'ſt haue done this without thy beard

and gowne, he fees thee not.

To. To him in thine owne voyce, and bring me word

how thou findſt him: I would we were well wade of this

knauery. If he may bee conveniently deliuer'd, I would

he were, for I am now ſo farre in offence with my Niece,

that I cannot purſue with any ſafety this ſport the vpper

ſhot. Come by and by to my Chamber. *Exit*

Clo. Hey Robin, iolly Robin, tell me how thy Lady
does.

Mal. Foole.

Clo. My Lady is vnkind, perdie.

Mal. Foole.

Clo. Alas why is ſhe ſo?

Mal. Foole, ſay.

Clo. She ſometimes another. Who calles, ha?

Mal. Good foole, as euer thou wilt deferue well at

my hand, helpe me to a Candle, and pen, inke, and paper:

as I am a Gentleman, I will liue to bee thankfull to thee

for't.

Clo. M. *Maluolio*?

Mal. I good Foole.

Clo. Alas ſir, how fell you beſides your five wits?

Mal. Foole, there was neuer man ſo notoriouslie a-

bus'd: I am as well in my wits (foole) as thou art.

Clo. But as well: then you are mad indeede, if you be

no better in your wits then a foole.

Mal. They haue heere propertied me: keepe mee in

darkneſſe, ſend Miniſters to me, Aſſes, and doe all they

can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advuſe you what you ſay: the Miniſter is heere.

Maluolio, Maluolio, thy wittes the heavens reſtore: en-

deauour thy ſelfe to ſleepe, and leaue thy vaine bibble

babble.

Mal. *Sir Topas*.

Clo. Maintaine no words with him good fellow.

Who I ſir, not I ſir, God buy you good ſir *Topas*: Mar-

ry Amen. I will ſir, I will.

Mal. Foole, foole, foole I ſay.

Clo. Alas ſir be patient. What ſay you ſir, I am ſhent

for ſpeaking to you.

Mal. Good foole, helpe me to ſome light, and ſome

paper, I tell thee I am as well in my wittes, as any man in

Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day, that you were ſir.

Mal. By this hand I am: good foole, ſome inke, pa-

per, and light: and conuey what I will ſet downe to my

Lady: it ſhall aduantage thee more, then euer the bea-

ring of Letter did.

Clo. I will help you too't. But tel me true, are you not

mad indeede, or do you but counterſeit?

Mal. Beleeue me I am not, I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, heere beleeue a madman till I fee his brains

I will fetch you light, and paper, and inke.

Mal. Foole, I require it in the height degree:

I prethee be gone.

Clo. I am gone ſir, and anon ſir,

I'll be with you againe:

In a trice, like to the old vice,

your neede to ſuſtaine.

Who with dagger of lath, in his rage and his wrath,

cries an ha, to the diuill:

Like a mad lad, paire thy nayles dad,

Adieu good man diuell. *Exit*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sebastian.

This is the ayre, that is the glorious Sunne,

This pearle the gawe me, I do feel't, and ſee't,

And though tis wonder that enwraps me thus,

Yet